vate the racial problems we had already to contend with; those tropical islands would, owing to their climatic conditions, never be predominantly settled by people of Germanic blood; this federative republic could not without dangerously vitiating its vital principles, undertake to govern them by force, while the populations inhabiting them could not be trusted with a share in governing our country; to the difficulties we had under existing circumstances to struggle with in our Southern States, much greater and more enduring difficulties would be added; and for all this the plan offered absolutely no compensating advantages. Moreover, the conversations I had had with Senators convinced me, that the treaty had no chance to receive the two-thirds vote necessary for its confirmation, and I sincerely regretted to see his administration expose itself to a defeat which, as I thought, was inevitable.

I spoke with the verve of sincere conviction, and at first the President listened to me with evident interest, looking at me as if the objections to the treaty which I expressed were quite new to him and made an impression upon his mind. But after a little while I noticed that his eyes wandered about the room, and I became doubtful whether he listened to me at all. When I had stopped, he sat silent for a minute or two. I, of course, sat silent too, waiting for him to speak. At last he said in a perfectly calm tone as if nothing had happened: "Well, I hope you will at least vote for the

confirmation of Mr. Jones, whom I have selected for a foreign mission."

I was very much taken aback by this turn of the conversation. Who was Mr. Jones? If the President had sent his nomination into the Senate it had escaped me. I had not heard of a Mr. Jones as a nominee for a foreign mission. What could I say? The President's request that I should vote for Mr. Jones sounded so child-like and guileless, at the same